

# NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

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## SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land.

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Cleaning my pipe. Go on and sleep; your time's not up yet."  
"What's o'clock?"  
Appleyard mumbled something incoherent as he stepped out on deck; and Coast turned over and slept again.  
It seemed hours later when he found himself abruptly wide awake. In a tremor of panic anxiety bred of a fancy that a human voice had cried out in mortal terror, somewhere within his hearing. He started up, informed by that sixth sense we call intuition that conditions abroad the Echo had changed radically since the last time he had fallen asleep; and it seemed no more than a second from the moment his eyes opened until he found himself in the cockpit, gazing dazedly into the inscrutable heart of the fog.

At first, in his confusion, he could see nothing amiss. The Echo was riding on a quiet tide and an even keel, with scarcely any perceptible motion. The encompassing darkness was intense, unfathomable, profound; only the forward light showed a dim halo of yellow opalescence near the mast-head, and the faint glow from the cabin lamp quivered on slowly swirling convolutions of dense white vapor, like smoke. The port and starboard lights had been extinguished, as they should be when a vessel comes to anchor.

What, then, had interrupted his slumbers?

He turned with a question shaping on his lips.

Appleyard was nowhere visible. Coast required some minutes before he was convinced of the fact of the little man's disappearance. But the cabin proved as empty as the cockpit, and the tender was gone.

The cabin chronometer chimed the hour of four in the morning.

As the echoes died, as though they had evoked the genius of that place, a strange and dreadful cry rent the silence, sounding shrill across the waters, yet as if coming from a great distance.

## CHAPTER VII.

Some moments elapsed. Coast's every nerve and sense upon the rack. Though he heard it no more, still that cry rang in his head, and he could but wait, smitten dumb and motionless, feeling his chilled flesh crawl, enthralled by fearsome shapes conjured up by an imagination striving vainly to account for what had happened—wait (it seemed) interminably; for what he hardly knew or guessed, unless it were for a repetition or some explanation of that inexplicable cry.

He received neither. His straining faculties detected none but familiar noises.

Insensibly he grew more calm. So silent was the world, seemingly so saturated with the spirit of brooding peace, that he was tempted to believe he had dreamed that first shriek, to which he had awakened, and that the second was but an echo of it in his brain: some hideous trick of nerves, a sort of waking hallucination, to be explained only on psychological grounds.

And yet . . .  
Appleyard? What of him? Was there any connection to be traced between his mysterious disappearance from the Echo and that weird, unearthly scream? Was there really land near, and had the little man found it only to become the victim of some frightful, nameless peril? Could that have been his voice, calling for help . . . ? And in what dread extremity . . . ?

There was nothing he could do, no way to reach the man. The tender was gone, the shore invisible—and who should say how far distant? Otherwise he would not have hesitated to swim for it.

Presently it occurred to him to wonder where the Echo lay—off what

land. Appleyard's responses to his inquiries, several hours back, returned to memory. The name, No Man's Land, intrigued. He interrupted his vigil to investigate such sources of information as he had at hand.

In the cabin again, with the lamp turned high, he dragged out a chart—number 112 of the admirable series published by the Coast and Geodetic Survey, delineating with wonderful accuracy the hydrography of Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds, together with the topography of the littoral and islands.

With pencil it was easy to trace the Echo's course from New Bedford harbor through Quick's Hole; a little to the east of which, say of Robinson's Hole, the fog had overtaken them. To the south and east of that point lay Martha's Vineyard, for all the world like a trussed fowl in profile. And there—yes, due south of Gay Head—was No Man's Land, its contour much that of an infant's shoe, the heel digging into the Atlantic. Comparison with the scale demonstrated it to be roughly a mile and five-eighths long by a mile wide—extreme measurements.

Coast stared at it with renewed interest, for the first time convinced of

forty feet away, a shelving stretch of pebbly beach, softly lapped by low-voiced ripples, shut in the cove. The Echo's tender, drawn up beyond the water's edge, bleeted it.

"Good," said Coast, abstracted, recovering from his constrained position.

Curiously gripped him strongly, caution contending vainly; he knew quite well that he would never bide content until he had probed for the cause and source and solved the mystery of that wild cry in the night just gone.

Moreover, he felt in a measure responsible for Appleyard. Surely there must be some strange reason for his protracted absence.

Abandoning himself, deaf to the counsels of prudence, Coast rose and stripped off his clothing.

He let himself gently into the water (fearing to dive because he did not know its depth) and found it warm—warmer than the air. He struck out cautiously, using the slow, old-fashioned but silent breast stroke. In two minutes, however, he was wading up to the beach.

There was no sign of Appleyard; only the tender. Upon that stone-strewn shore the feet of the run-away had left no trail. Though Coast cast about in a wide radius, he found no sign of the missing man. The pebbles scratched and bruised his unprotected feet, and he began to shiver with cold. He gave it up, presently, returned to the tender, pushed off and sculled out to the Echo.

Then, having rubbed his flesh to a bluish with a coarse towel, he dressed, took the small boat back to the beach, drew it up and, now fully committed to an enterprise the folly of which he stubbornly refused to debate, set off



"Good God!" He Cried Aloud. "What—"

the existence of a spot so oddly named. A number of black dots along its northern shore seemed to indicate buildings—but Appleyard had distinctly said "uninhabited."

Coast turned out the lamp and went back to the deck.

There was nothing to be seen, nothing to do. . . .

He fidgeted.

Then out of the confusion of his temper, in which ennui stalked in singular companionship with perturbation, he chanced upon an odd end of thought, one of those stray bits of information, mostly culled from desultory reading, that clutter the back of every man's brain.

He happened to remember hearing, some time, some where, that fog rarely clings to the surface of moving water; that, by putting one's vision upon a plane almost horizontal with the water, it is ordinarily possible to see for some distance roundabout.

"There may be something in it. . . . No harm to try."

Forthwith he scrambled out upon the stern, from which, after some intricate maneuvering and by dint of considerable physical ingenuity, he managed to suspend himself, at peril of a ducking, with his head near the water.

He was promptly justified of his pangs; the theory proved itself—in that one instance at least; between the slowly undulant floor, glassy and colorless, and the ragged fringe of the mist curtain, he discovered a

minute space.

Itly astern and, roughly, some

to reconnoiter along the water's edge, feeling his way.

After a time the beach grew more sandy, and emboldened by the knowledge that he would have his footprints to guide him back, he left the water and struck inland—but only to find his progress in that direction checked by a steep wall of earth, a cliff-like bluff of height indeterminate, its flanks wave-eaten and deeply scarred by rain.

At random, with no design, he turned again to his left and proceeded as before, but now along the foot of the bluff, trudging heavily through damp, yielding sand.

## Tragedy of a Tomato Vine

Practical Person Makes Discovery After Neighbors Had Given Voice to Their Wonderment.

Now doth the amateur agriculturist flourish and wax proud at his Luther Burbank achievements, says the Brooklyn Eagle. One such nursed a lone tomato plant from delicate and sickly infancy to robust maturity. With all a mother's tender care he ministered to that plant. He watered it, brushed the dust off it, pleaded with it, encouraging it to better things. Then one day a member of the family rushed into the house with glad tidings. There was a real tomato on the vine.

What an assemblage there was about that plant! The block was de-

populated temporarily. Amateur agriculturists climbed on each other's necks to view the wonder. The head of the house inspected it through a magnifying glass. His spouse clasped her hands and exclaimed: "At last we shall have our own salad from our own vine." Even the watchman from a row of empty houses nearby was called to look, and he remarked solemnly that he "never saw such a large tomato on such a small vine."

Then came along one of those horribly practical persons, who said it couldn't be, and had to have a closer look. He spied it all by his discovery that the tomato had been tied on with a string, and if you went to know who tied it on ask the woman who lives next door.

Still no sign of Appleyard. He must have tramped, at a rude guess, several hundred yards before he discovered either a break in the bluff or any change in the general configuration of the shore. Ultimately, however, the one fell away inland and the other widened.

A moment later he came upon a small catboat careened above high tide mark, with a gaping wound in its starboard side, forward and below the water-line.

She lay stern to the water. Taking the point of her stem as his guide, Coast turned inland again, on a line as straight as possible considering the slanting lay of the land and the impossibility of seeing anything beyond a radius of a few feet.

He had not gone far upon this tack before he stumbled upon a path of hardpacked earth, obviously made by human feet. Then he found himself mounting a rather steep grade, and in another moment was face to face with a plain weather-boarded wall of a wooden building.

There were no windows that he could discover on this side, and though he listened keenly he heard no sounds from within.

Other buildings presented themselves successively, as like as pens to one another and to the first he had encountered: all peopled exclusively by the seven howling devils of desolation and their attendant court of rats—or so he surmised from sundry sounds of scurrings and squeaks.

He gathered that he was threading a rude sort of street, fringed on one side—to seaward—with the abandoned dwellings of what had apparently been a small fishing community.

"No Man's Land indeed!" he commented. "Certainly lives up to the name, even if it's some place else. It begins to look as if I'd drawn a blank."

But Appleyard . . . ?  
He was moved vaguely to liken the place to the Cold Lairs of the Jungle Books. "Only infinitely sordid," he mused, at pause: "lacking the majesty and the horror . . . Wonder had I better go back?"

As he hung in the wind, debating what to do, whether to press on or to be sensible, awayed this way and that by doubts and half-formed impulses, somewhere near, seemingly at his very elbow, certainly not twenty feet away, suddenly a dog howled. Long drawn, lugubrious with a note of lamentation, the sound struck discordant upon his overtaken senses, shocking him (before he knew it) to outspoken protest.

"Good God!" he cried aloud. "What—?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Fault Brought Home.

Dr. James T. Docking, the president of Rust university, once discussed, in a Fourth of July address at Holly Springs, Miss., the treason of Benedict Arnold.

"Arnold's fault," he said, "was as plainly brought home to him as the fault of Fenimore Cooper's friend."

"Fenimore Cooper gave a friend a copy of his last work, inscribing on the fly-leaf the words:

"To John Blank, with the author's affection and esteem."

"A few months later Cooper came upon this same book at a second-hand dealer's. He bought it in and sent it to his friends again with a second inscription:

"This volume, purchased at a second-hand shop, is re-presented to John Blank with renewed affection and reiterated expressions of esteem."

## Man's Many Wants.

How many ways there are in which our peace may be assailed, besides actual want! How many comforts do we stand in need of, besides meat and drink and clothing! Is it nothing to "administer to a mind diseased"—to heal a wounded spirit? After all other difficulties are removed, we still want some one to bear our infirmities, to impart our confidence to, to encourage us in our hobbies (nay, to get up and ride behind us), and to like us with all our faults.—Hazlitt.

## Saves Clothes of Rider.

A saddle that a New Jersey man has patented includes a leather flap to cover the buckles that frequently wear out a rider's clothing.

## It Means Health For the Child

The careful mother, who watches closely the physical peculiarities of her children, will soon discover that the most important thing in connection with a child's constant good health is to keep the bowels regularly open. Sluggish bowels will be followed by loss of appetite, restlessness during sleep, irritability and a dozen and one similar evidences of physical disorder.

At the first sign of such disorder give the child a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring and repeat the dose the following night if necessary—more than that will scarcely be needed. You will find that the child will recover its accustomed good spirits at once and will eat and sleep normally.

This remedy is a vast improvement over salts, cathartics, laxative waters and similar things, which are altogether too powerful for a child. The homes of Mrs. S. A. Pittman, Miguel, Texas, and J. C. Mills, Dumas, Texas, are always supplied with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and with them, as with thousands of others, there is no substitute for this grand laxative. It is really more than a laxative, for it contains superior tonic properties which help to tone and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels so that after a brief use of it all laxatives can be dispensed with and nature will do its own work.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 391 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

## HAD DONE HER PART.



"What are you going to give at the preacher's donation party, Maudy?"

"Lands sake! Nuthin'. Why, I give the preacher a real store necktie that cost 10 cents at his donation party only three years ago!"

## Wanted—A Handhold.

Meandering Mike heaved such a deep sigh that his companion was moved to ask him what the matter was.

"I was just thinking about bad roads and the wonders of science," was the answer. "This earth is spinning round faster'n a railway train behind time."

"Well, we ain't fell off yet."

"No. But think of what a convenience it would be if we could have some place to grab on to while de territory slid under our feet until de place we wanted to go to come along."

—Youth's Companion.

## Give and Take.

Howell—Does he take things philosophically?

Powell—Yes, but he doesn't part with them philosophically.—Woman's Home Companion.

## THE LITTLE WIDOW

A Mighty Good Sort of Neighbor to Have.

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief."

"I liked Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In 2 months my weight increased from 95 to 113 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly, and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change."

"My 4-year-old boy had eczema very bad last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.